Extract of a Letter from the Paris Correspondent of the N. Y. Daily Times.

PARIS, Thursday, March 27, 1856.

The Democratic Party in Spain has split into two factions. Rivero and Sisto Camara have fought a duel. Two other friends of these two have also fought. Only one is dangerously wounded.

The real motive of this quarrel is of some years' standing. Rivero is accused of wishing to sell the principles and hopes of the Democratic party for a Minister's portfolio for himself. The immediate cause of the separation of the party, however, was a little paragraph published in the *Sovereignty*, a newspaper under the direction of Sisto Camara, which was in the following terms:

"There is no escape from the conclusion. Circumstances will perhaps yet make it necessary to cut in the round flesh, and to make roll in the dust the heads of as many apostates and traitors as corrupt the social and political body and poison the air we breathe."

The press, of all colors, pronounced against this paragraph, and the *Discussion*, a newspaper under the direction of Rivero, also condemned it. Camara, irritated by this unexpected war from a journal in his own camp, and dissatisfied with Rivero beforehand, now launched against him one of those articles which kills a man or makes him—one of those articles which cannot be judged except by the people themselves, because its terms exceed all measure of newspaper criticism. It is destined to make, and indeed has made already, a great sensation in the masses, as it has caused astonishment in the official and elegant circles of the Court.

To this terrible attack Rivero replied by a challenge. Fortunately neither will die of his wounds—for both are worth the trouble of living, on account of the talents which undoubtedly both possess. Rivero is a man of great fixity of purpose, cunning, flexible in appearance, but hard and soured somewhat by the misfortunes and afflictions of his life. He has the bad humor of an Andulusian out of his country, and being a great drinker is a bitter subject to what is called in Spain bad wine, or what we call cross-grained when he is drunk.

His oratory gains sometimes, however, by his bottle, and he produces in the Cortes magnificent discourses. Cloudy in his politics, he deceives both his friends and his enemies, and it is quite possible he sometimes is ignorant himself of where he is tending. For a Monarchist he is too much of a Republican, for a Republican he is too much of a Monarchist, and he must necessarily, therefore, be the great trimmer of the Democracy. What Camara says of him, that he is simply looking after his own aggrandizement, appears very much like the truth. In fact he is wanting in the virtues of the old-fashioned loyal Spanish subject, and does not possess those which are necessary to be a good Republican in Spain at the present moment. He is, nevertheless, one of the most important leaders of the Democratic Party, and if he does not serve to stimulate them and direct them will serve at least to brow beat and restrain them from excesses.

Sisto Camara is younger than Rivero and of a character entirely different. Camara is cool, clear, bold, and absolute master of his own passions. Pleasing in his person, he possesses the art of talking familiarly better than most party leaders, and knows how to recruit his proselytes quietly but surely. His satire is smooth, severe, and sharp as a knife, and does much more damage to the Government than all the fine philosophical discourses of the deputies in the opposition. Nobody like Camara knows how to seize on the ridiculous points of the personages who are dominant, and show them up handsomely. The effect he produces on those who hear him is all the greater, because he never partakes of the laugh he produces. His attitude and his gestures express the most complete indifference, and you could not tell from his appearance whether he is speaking of a friend or an enemy. But he is a good friend, and a terrible enemy. Under all the smoothness and perfect composure of his manner, he conceals an indomitable will, and a character of iron. He is to-day the true chief of the most advanced portion of the Democracy. A decided enemy of the Queen, Sisto Camara will enter into no compromises with parties of half measures and conciliation. On the day of trial, he and his party will charge home against everything existing, and will not yield an *iota* from their idea of a republic. That day, in my judgment, is not very near, but it would be too much to say that it will not come.

The new Democratic Party grows and dilates in a way to seriously alarm the Government, and to which also the Emperor of the French is not indifferent.

The manœuvres of the latter, and the steps taken by him lately to stimulate a reactionary movement in Spain, which I have related to you in my recent letters, appear not to have been crowned thus far with any flattering result. The sympathies of Spain with him are every day more negative. The birth of his first born, although the son of a Spanish lady, has hardly been noticed by the Spanish press. The organ of the Spanish emigrants has alone inserted a few words of satisfaction. The mass of the Spanish journals have maintained a marked and disdainful silence, and the Democratic organs only have spoken to utter sarcasms and ironical jokes about the *sucessor* to the Empire.

There is a movement among the liberal *Moderados* and the *retrograde Progresistas*, to unite and form a third party for the support of O'Donnell, and all the time-worn evils in the Spanish administration. They have had their meetings, resolutions, programme, &c., &c., and count some fifty members of the Cortes.

On the other hand, there is a corresponding movement among the *progresistas puros* and the Rivero branch of the Democratic fraction, to oppose this effort of the old fogies, and setting up Espartero as their idol, to get all the good things in their power.

The Democratic Party of the people, of which Camara is a good representative, is quietly watching the struggle, ready to step in and seize the power of the State when the two combatants who now dispute it shall have eaten each other up.

John Hancock as he appeared in 1782.

One who saw Hancock in June, 1782, relates that he had the appearance of advanced age. He had been repeatedly and severely afflicted with gout, probably owing in part to the custom of drinking punch—a common practice in high circles in those days. As recollected at the time, Hancock was nearly six feet in height, and of thin person, stooping a little, and apparently enfeebled by disease. His manners were very gracious, of the old style, a dignified complaisance. His face had been very handsome. Dress was adapted quite as much to the ornamental as the useful. Gentlemen wore wigs when abroad, and commonly caps when at home. At this time, about noon, Hancock was dressed in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen. The latter was turned up over the lower edge of the velvet one two or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown lined with silk, a white stock, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers. It was a general practice in genteel families to have a tankard of punch made in the morning and placed on a cooler when the season required it. At this visit Hancock took from the cooler standing on the hearth a full tankard, and drank first himself, and then offered it to those present. His equipage was splendid, and such as is not customary at this day. His apparel was sumptuously embroidered with gold, silver lace, and other decorations fashionable among men of fortune of that period, and he drove, especially upon public occasions, six beautiful bay horses, attended by servants in livery. He wore a scarlet coat, with ruffles on his sleeves, which soon became the prevailing fashion.

MEMORIES OF THE DAY.

APRIL 19TH.

Our readers will be gratified with the following beautiful tribute to Burke from the polite pen of the eloquent editor of the *Irish News*, Thos. Francis Meagher:

"If the voice of Edmund Burke made the nineteenth of April famous, the blood of Lexington and Concord made it immortal!

"If the former failed to stay the thunders opening over the head of England, the latter gave the first light by which the clouds were dispelled from that of America.

"Upon the ears of British Ministers, the eloquence of the one, as the valor of the others, broke with an indignant vehemence and a scornful warning, worthy alike to denounce and defy a despotism, or to indicate the transfiguration of a colony into a nation.

"On the 19th of April, 1774, Burke delivered his famous speech on American Taxation, in the British Commons. On that day twelvemonth, the Americans took up the theme at the point of the bayonet. Truly, Burke has said, "Terror is not always the effect of force; and an armament is not a victory.' Lexington proved the first; the war succeeding it, illustrated the latter, to the English.

"Burke's speech on the occasion has probably never been surpassed, if equalled, as a sustained effort. It is an unbroken stream—now rolling sonorously along, now descending with the force of unity, over mighty chasms—now doubly concentrated in the space allowed it—now expanding from the gorge, ever beautiful, and undivided. For effulgent energy, and pictorial sarcasm, the speech was admitted to be unequalled at the time. He shook out every plea of the Minister. He paraded the stupid policy that kept the tax on tea, by the importation of which, by America, the East Indies were to be kept from crushing England with their burden. The government he stigmatized as being without system, and inventing occasionally 'some miserable tale for the day, in order meanly to sneak out of difficulties, into which they had proudly strutted.' He reminded them that the previous year they were on the verge of bankruptcy, when, by the operation of the injudicious tax, ten million pounds of tea were rotting in the warehouses, the sale of which would have prevented the distress. Exposing the policy, he condemned the tax on other grounds, as 'a tax of sophistry, a tax of pedantry, a tax of disputation, a tax of war and rebellion, a tax for anything but benefit to the imposers, or satisfaction to the subject.'

"'What a man is this!' exclaimed Lord Townshend, 'how could he acquire such transcendent powers?' And an American in the gallery said to an English friend, 'you have a most wonderful man here, he understands more of America than the rest of your house put together.'

"A year had passed, Burke made another speech in favor of America, and while that voluminous moralist, Sam. Johnson, was replying to him in a pamphlet of ponderous puerilities, entitled 'Taxation No Tyranny,' the colonial policy of Lord North had driven the 'provincials' to casting bullets, to the silent collecting of military stores, and such 'treasonable practices.'

"The government officials scented out a store of artillery and ammunition at Concord; and eight hundred men, led by Major Pitcairn, were dispatched with great secrecy to destroy it. But the ears of rebellion, like the Indians, are tenacious, and hear footsteps through miles of earth. There is an attraction of repulsion that brings the stealthiest step and dullest ears of enemies together. As the royalists approached Lexington on the morning of April 19th, some seventy armed provincials stood in their path. Pitcairn valiantly charged the little band, which retreated, leaving eight dead, the first heroes of the War of Independence, on the field. Concord was reached by the royalists, but Concord had no peace for them. The alarm spreading, their work of demolition was interrupted. There were dead *people* in Lexington, their blood was on the hands in Concord. The indignant militia assembled—the army of Pitcairn was baffled, beaten, routed! and only saved from utter extermination by the arrival of Lord Percy with two companies of artillery, sixteen of infantry, and a corps of marines. Even with this aid the army barely effected a retreat to Charlestown, leaving in killed, wounded and prisoners, in the hands of the victorious people, two hundred and seventy-three. The 'rebels' lost ninety men.

"A nation without valor has no history. Literature may be the heart, science the head, and art the eye of a country; but valor is its strong right arm. As it protects the others, it inspires them! As it inspires them, it gives them actual being. Their being is its history. It makes a history they live to chronicle. It makes a peace that gives them life. Thus, these memories must be ever present to us all. Not to cherish them is to be a vandal. To forget them is to be a suicide.

Battle of Horses.

Two of the Spanish regiments which had been quartered in Funen were cavalry, mounted on fine black-tailed Andalusian horses. It was impracticable to bring off these horses, about eleven hundred in number, and Romano was not a man who could order them to be destroyed. He was fond of horses himself and knew that every man was attached to the beast which had carried him so far and so faithfully. Their bridles were therefore taken off, and they were turned loose upon the beach. A scene ensued, such as probably never before was witnessed. They were sensible that they were no longer under the restraint of human power. A general conflict ensued, in which, retaining the discipline they had previously learned, they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twelve together, then engaged striking with forefeet, and biting and tearing each other with the most ferocious rage, trampling over those who were beaten down, till the shore, in the course of an hour, was strewn with the dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on a rising ground at a distance; they no sooner heard the roar of battle than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness plunged into the fight with equal fury. Sublime as the scene was, it was too horrible to be long contemplated, and Romano, in mercy, gave orders to destroy them. But it was found too dangerous to attempt this, and after the last boat had quitted the beach, the few horses that remained were seen still engaged in the dreadful work of mutual destruction.—*Southey's History of the Peninsular War.*

A HUMAN HORN.—Dr. Porcher, of Charleston, has in his possession a horn, about seven inches in length, and in diameter two inches and three quarters, bearing a close resemblance to a ram's horn, which he extracted from the head of a negress, aged about 52, born on a plantation in St. Johns, Berkley, S. C. The tumor commenced forming some eight years since, with a swelling and a discharge, and, after a while, a gradual increase in size. During the four months preceeding its removal, it grew some two inches, and having, in curving around, reached the face in the temporal region, just to the left of one eye, and having commenced to produce suppuration of the skin with which it had come in contact, its immediate removal was necessitated. Its removal, which was done in December, 1854, in the presence of Dr. D. J. Cain, and several students of the Charleston Preparatory Medical School, was accompanied with comparatively little pain. It was found, upon examination afterwards, that some remains of the original growth remained, and there is some probability that it may increase in size and again require removal.

Robbing an Actress.

Thomas Gaston and James Barry await an examination before Recorder Bright on a charge of having stolen four diamond rings, valued at about $1500, from Miss Matilda Heron, the well known actress. The rings had been left by Miss Heron on the supper table at the St. Charles Hotel, late on Saturday night, and missing them she went back, but they were gone, and there is pretty good ground for suspicion that the two waiters, who were in the room at the time, took felonious possession as soon as they discovered them.—*N. O. Delta.*

NEW YORK OVER SIXTY YEARS AGO.—When George Washington was elected first President of the United States, he moved to New York, and began looking around for a residence befitting his rank and station. At last he fixed upon the house No. 3, Cherry street, and soon after took up his abode therein. This was in 1789, and great were the complaints that the President had fixed his residence so far out of town, way off on the road leading to the farm of Mr. Rutgers. The objections which would be urged now would be rather different. The house was situated at about the corner of Dover street.

GOLD IN THE GREAT SAHARA.—According to the *Center Algeria*, the great Desert of Sahara, which it states is not so uninhabitable as has been described, is rich in gold dust. In the month of January last, the Tauregs, a race inhabiting the Desert, sent a deputation to Governor General Randon, proffering their friendship and their protection to trading caravans coming to their country, or passing through to the Soudan or to the Land of the Niger. Among the articles which they named as inducements for trading caravans to visit them were gold dust, ivory, fragrant gums, &c.

Another Algerian journal, the *Akhbar*, in confirmation of the report of auriferous deposites in the Sahara, quotes the following passage from the works of Ebu-Khaldom, the historian of the Berbers:

"The King of Mailli (city of the eastern Sahara) arrived at Cairo with eighty loads of gold dust, each of three hundred weight. A well informed man of Sedschelmasa related to the king's interpreter that in the country of Kaskas (among the blacks) the Sultan Dshata, successor of Mousa-Mussa, sold the famous rock of gold, which was the most remarkable treasure of the sovereign of Mailli. It weighed twenty hundred pounds, and was kept in the same condition as when first discovered."

CIGARS.—The finest tobacco in the world comes from Havana. But there is only a limited area in Cuba in which that tobacco is produced; so that whilst the Havana tobacco may be of excellent quality in general, the best may be the produce of a very small area, and is chiefly used in the island, or as presents, a very limited amount going into consumption. Tobacco, scarcely inferior to that from Havana, has, however, been brought from Trinidad, and the Southern Russian provinces. Manufacture, on the other hand, exercises a great influence over the quality of tobacco. In Algiers, where the climate is most favorable, the cigars are not smokeable, because they are badly prepared. Again, some English-made cigars are of much greater excellence than many of the cigars imported from Havana, and paying the highest duty as manufactured tobacco; and there is no doubt whatever that it is quite practicable to make cigars in this country which shall be undistinguishable in appearance, and not very distinguishable in flavor, from any except those first class Havana cigars which scarcely ever come into consumption.—[From Timb's "Things not generally known."

BILLION.—Few people have any conception of the stupendous sum which is designated by this term.—Some writer having stated in an article headed—"What becomes of all the pins?" that "millions of billions of pins must vanish," nobody can tell how, or where, in the course of a year. "Euclid," a correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, shows up the absurdity of the assertion in the following style:

"I think, sirs, the writer of the article thought little of what he was saying, when he said that millions of billions of pins must vanish in the course of a year. Many pins undoubtedly may vanish every year; but any mathematician will demonstrate to us that a single billion has never yet been manufactured. A billion, according to Noah Webster, is a "million of millions"—a number so vast I say, that the human mind has not the capacity to comprehend it. A manufactory making a hundred per minute, and kept in constant operation would only make fifty two millions five hundred and ninety-six thousand per annum, and would require near *twenty thousand years*, at the same rate, without a single moment's hesitation, to make that number called a billion."

Grammar in Rhyme.

We advise every little grammarian just entering on Murray, Brown, or any of the thousand grammars in use, to commit to memory the following easy lines, and then they never need to misstake a part of speech:

1. Three little words you often see
   Are Articles—*a*, *an*, and *the*.
2. A Noun's the name of any thing,
   As *school* or *garden*, *hoop* or *swing*.
3. Adjectives tell the kind of Noun,
   As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white* or *brown*.
4. Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand—
   Her head, *his* face, *your* arm, *my* hand.
5. Verbs tell of something being done—
   To *read*, *count*, *sing*, *jump* or *run*.
6. How things are done the Adverbs tell—
   As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill* or *well*.
7. Conjunctions join the words together—
   As men *and* women, wind *or* weather.
8. The preposition stands before
   A Noun, as *in* or *through* a door.
9. The Interjection shows surprise,
   As *oh!* how pretty; *ah!* how wise.

The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which Reading, Writing, Speaking, teach.

The Printer's Toil.

Blow ye stormy winds of winter,
Drive the chilling drifting snow,
Closely housed, the busy Printer,
Heeds not how the winds may blow,

Click, click his type go dropping
Every comfort mortals need.
For nights are dull in winter,
Had we not the news to read.

Sad would be the world's condition
If no Printer-boys were found—
Ignorance and superstition,
Sin and suffering would abound.

Yea, it is the busy Printer
Rolls the car of knowledge on,
And a gloomy mental winter
Soon would reign if he were gone.

Money's useful, yet the winters
Fill not half so high a place
As the busy, toiling Printers,
Flinging type before the case.

Yet while the type they're busy settin,
Oft some thankless popinjay
Leaves the country, kindly letting
Printers whistle for their pay.

Oh! ingratitude! ungracious!
Are there on enligtened soil,
Men with minds so incapacious,
As to slight the Printer's toil?

See him! how extremely busy,
Flinging type before the case,
Toiling, till he's almost dizzy,
To exalt the human race.

There's no compassion for the Printer,
Every devil drives him on;
Spring and summer, fall and winter—
Never find his labor done.

From the Pennsylvanian.

Welcome to James Buchanan!

Mr. BUCHANAN will reach his native country in the midst of such a greeting as has rarely been extended to any unofficial and private citizen. Without office to bestow, he will return to these shores the undoubted favorite of a vast majority of his countrymen for the highest position in their gift. Without having intrigued for the national suffrages, he comes back to receive them as the voluntary heart-offering of the people. No military fame has served to make him the popular choice. No yielding to foreign domination; no ostentatious display of ambitious pretensions; no eager desire for public renown, have given him this place in the affections of the masses. He has done his duty to the Republic with eminent dignity and ability, and he has crowned a long and illustrious career with those exhibitions of intellect and statesmanship which have made him, in spite of himself, the unquestioned preference of the nation for the Presidential office. It is these considerations, and these alone, which have placed him so far in the advance, and which inspire the universal sentiment, that will greet his coming, and after that will present his name as the surest omen of success to the great constitutional party of the land.

But if our distinguished citizen will be hailed with the acclamations of all classes and all parties in the splendid metropolis of New York, what will it be to the welcome which old Pennsylvania will extend to him from her heart of hearts? When in 1852 she yielded him up to aid in bringing peace and unity to a great party, and when this act of noble sacrifice was responded to by his own exertions in behalf of the successful candidates, she did not hesitate to look forward to the day when he might once more be presented at a similar tribunal, and with abundant and deserved success. And now that day—the day of her reward and his own—approaches with sure and irresistible steps! In his absence she saw that his hour had come, and with one voice her people spoke out, not at the prompting of leaders, but from their own free and unbiassed judgment and affections. If he gave way in 1844, in 1848, and in 1852, cheerful to contribute his great influence to bring about harmony in the selection of another, his friends are proud and grateful to know *that in his turn*, his name has become, by general consent, the only one that can secure a certain and assured victory to the Democracy in 1856. In every circle, in every county, in every State of this broad land, wherever the people speak out their real feelings, his is the name that springs from their lips. Such is the welcome which JAMES BUCHANAN will receive on his return to the United States.

Pennsylvania, proud of her choice, proud of her well-tried and often-tried son, glad to take him into her arms after his new career of honorable service in distinguished position, is not desirous of keeping to herself the man she cherished, to be honored by him in return. She is filled with joyous emotions to see other States stepping forward to swell the army of friends that gather around him. Her own welcome will be the more sincere and hearty now that the citizen she has preferred so long, has become, in the course of time and after the trials of new events, the choice of the people everywhere else, who are speaking out in tones that cannot be misunderstood and should not be disregarded.

Mr. BUCHANAN will not be greeted by any mere narrow circle of men. He will not be in the hands of politicians. His lofty attitude is owing to the personal exertions of no man or set of men. He will owe it to the people—to the Democracy, and to those disenchanted men once atttached to other parties, but now glad to seal their devotion to national doctrines by rallying around the only man who can give success and permanency to these doctrines.

Nor will he be welcome alone by the free States. The South will honor him as pre-eminently the statesman whose nomination will be at once most satisfactory to the national North, and most agreeable to the South, *because it will most assuredly rally in the defence of the constitutional rights of the South that* SUCCESSFUL *sentiment in the free States, which, when combined under such circumstances, will henceforward he invincible against fanaticism of every kind and degree.*

Nor will he be hailed by the native born citizens alone. The voters born in other lands will also hail him as their champion and their representative. The man who opposed the secret ballot in 1824–25, in the House of Representatives, when General Jackson lost his election for the Presidency; who antagonized Nativeism in 1836, on the Michigan bill; who fought against it in 1844, and who rebuked inconsistent demagogueism in 1852, when Gen. Scott sought the votes he once dispised, needs no new title to the confidence of the adopted citizens, whether they are the countrymen of his ancestors; the emigrants of that Germany which has made his own country the garden of the world; the gay sons of France, or the children of any other clime who come hither to dwell "under their own vine and their own fig tree, with none to molest or to make them afraid."

Mr. BUCHANAN will come back to us on or about the anniversary of his birth day, when he will have reached the age of sixty-five. In the prime of health and intellect, his form erect as ever, and his heart beating for the welfare of his country, who will not feel willing to confide to such a man the reins of power, and to welcome him as the worthiest to hold them? At such a time of life it will be the conscientious and constant duty of JAMES BUCHANAN to build up for himself an immortal fame by fidelity to the Constitution, hostility to fraud in high places, unbending integrity of word and deed, and the exercise of that rigid justice between man and man, and between State and State, which is the surest basis of the true glory and greatness of a free and a Christian people.

When JAMES BUCHANAN returns to his native land, such will be the auguries that will mark his coming. More than one spectator will be able to say of Mr. BUCHANAN as Burke said of General Conway, after the repeal of the stamp act by the British Commons, in which General Conway bore so leading a part:

"All America joined in his applause. Nor did he seem insensible to the best of all earthly rewards—the love and admiration of his fellow citizens. *Hope elevated and joy brightened his crest.* I stood near him. I do not know how others felt; but if I had stood in that situation, I never would have exchanged it for all that Kings in their profusion could bestow."

The Constitution.

Great were the thoughts and strong the minds
Of those who framed in high debate,
The immortal league of love that binds
Our fair broad Empire, State with State.

And deep the gladness of the hour,
When, as the auspicious task was done,
In solemn trust, the sword of power
Was given to glory's sportless son.

The noble race is gone—the suns
Of sixty years have risen and set;
But the bright links, those chosen ones
So strongly forged are brighter yet.

Wide as our own free race increase—
Wide shall extend the elastic chain,
And bind in everlasting peace,
State after State,—a mighty train.

Bryant.

Emigration into Mexico.

By a paragraph from the *Restaurador* of Monterey, published with approving comments in the Matamoras papers, we perceive that Senor Vidaurri has been authorized by the Supreme government to admit German colonists to settle upon the vacant and uncultivated lands of New Leon and other frontier States of Mexico, and that it is his intention to encourage such emigration by offering extraordinary privileges.

From the Pennsylvanian.

The Availibility of James Buchanan.

The term availibility is applied to Mr. BUCHANAN in some quarters in a spirit in which we regret to see manifested. The writers for the Abolition or Republican press greedily clutch at this straw to save themselves from the only nomination they really fear, and we have it elaborated and descanted upon by them with as much gusto as if they felt it to be the only way left to defeat his selection as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. But that any Democrat should allow himself to deliberate even for a moment upon such a thought as this—that Mr. BUCHANAN's unparallelled popularity has resulted from a desire to make him available at the sacrifice of any one principle of the Democracy—that this thought should be harbored anywhere by any member of the Democratic party, fairly passes our comprehension.

Why is Mr. BUCHANAN available? Why is it that he should now be hailed as the man most certain to be elected, should the National Convention place him before the people as the Democratic Candidate for the Presidency? The reasons are prominent, positive and patriotic.

Mr. BUCHANAN's high character is an argument which addresses itself to all men. It is not only an example in itself worthy of imitation, but it is the living pledge that in the first office upon earth, he would be the fiting representative of a people who now attract the attention of the whole civilized world.

Mr. BUCHANAN has been forty years in public life, and his friends proudly point to his record, as one not alone without a stain, but marred by no blunder either of principle or of policy.

Mr. BUCHANAN's national experience has been the most brilliant of any living Democratic Statesman; the longest and the most consistent; the boldest in times of peril, and the most impregnable to the assaults of Abolitionism. From the hour when he grappled with the enemies of the Southern States, twenty years ago, in the United States Senate, down to his last letter demanding that the Nebraska bill should be adhered to, without a shadow of turning, against every storm that can be raised against it, he has never flinched before a great issue, or taken a secondary position when blows were to be given and received in a contest for the Constitution of the country.

Mr. BUCHANAN comes back after having played a great and a distinguished part as the representative of his country at the Court of St. James. He comes to us with capacities enlarged after his struggle with European diplomacy, and he is therefore pre-eminently the man to deal with all those delicate questions with foreign powers which so often disturb our commercial and political relations.

Mr. BUCHANAN's close, almost constant and familiar knowledge of the domestic interests, feelings, and dangers of our beloved country, have been applauded during all his active life by friend and foe; and are now referred to with grateful and exulting feelings by his countrymen.

Mr. BUCHANAN stands ready to co-operate with the Democracy of the Union upon the platform of the Nebraska bill, and upon any ground which the Cincinnati Convention may deem it patriotic and right to assume.

He has never assailed or depreciated any other candidate for the Presidency.

He has never yielded an inch to British arrogance.

He has never failed to defend American institutions in the midst of the aristocratic circles of the old world.

He has not intrigued for the Cincinnati nomination.

He has no official power to sustain his cause for that nomination.

He comes home from America with honor, from the sphere in which he has been the bright particular star, and with an account of his stewardship which will raise no blush of shame upon the brow of the highest or the humblest of his fellow-citizens.

If these services and these virtues make Mr. BUCHANAN "available," is it not a glorious availability? It is not the result of timidity or of silence in the midst of a crisis; it springs not from the glare of military success; it is the offspring of no attempt to conciliate faction by crowning it with his confidence; it is not the harvest of a life-time of inconsistency; of a past without an opinion; nor is it created by a mercenary hope to make the future the goal of an unworthy ambition. That is true availability—which, after such a career as his, finds the recompense of good deeds and patriotic efforts, in the unbought, unsolicited, and widely spontaneous approval of the American masses.

And what an unnatural thing it would be, *if for so winning the hearty and enthusiastic preference of his countrymen,* JAMES BUCHANAN *should be set aside as unworthy of the confideace of the Democracy of the Union.* We pause before following out such a supposition to its extraordinary conclusion. We close with asking whether, when such a man is to be postponed and sacrificed, only and avowedly because he has lived a reproachless life, because he has been bold in his support of principle, and because he may point to a record of forty years, without a blunder—whether such an act would not be offering a premium for treachery, and a reward for shame?

Napoleon III.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the present Emperor of the French, was born on the 20th of April, 1808, at the Tuilleries. His mother was Hortense, Queen of Holland, the wife of Napoleon's brother Louis, to whom the kingdom had been assigned. The marriage of Hortense and Louis was most unfortunate; they did nothing but quarrel, and in Sept. 1807, they finally separated at Amsterdam, and Hortense returned to her mother in Paris. There the present Emperor was born, and it is remarkable that he and the King of Rome were the only two persons of the family of Napoleon whose births were received with military honors and the homage of the people.

There is one circumstance connected with the fate of this family which historians have not yet observed, but which is well worth mention. Napoleon the Great set aside his own best friend and councellor, Josephine, to obtain an heir to the throne of France. He married a Princess of Austria, and by her had a son. That birth was the culminating point of his power and his dignity. From thence he did nothing but descend. He died in exile—his son also. Who succeeded to his name, his fame, his power? The child of Hortense who was the child of Josephine! In the person of the Emperor of the French we find not the offspring of Napoleon the Great but the offspring of his discarded wife! What an illustration of the truth of the adage, "That it is man who proposes, but God who disposes."

A Good Story.

It is related that a bear and its leader lately arrived, toward night, at a village near the city of Lyons, and the latter sought admission into the only inn of the place. They at first declined to admit the strange pair, not knowing where to place the animal, but he finally consented to receive them. The bear was placed in a pigsty, and its occupant, a fat pig which was to be killed on the morning, was let loose in the court yard. In the middle of the night cries of help proceeding from the pigsty aroused the house, and the host, his wife and the servants at once ran to the spot. It was then ascertained that a thief excited by the splendid condition of the pig had determined on eloping with it, and had entered the pigsty with that laudable intention. The bear displeased at being suddenly awakened by this enterprising individual, rewarded him with a fraternal hug, which caused the would-be-thief to cry out so lustily. The man was released from the paws of the bear, but only to be handed over into the hands of justice.

CONGRESS.

THE SENATE, on the twenty-second instant, was principally occupied with the consideration of the Bounty Land bill, which was passed This measure came from the House, and was amendatory to the act of 1855 The Senate added a provision admitting parole testimony in the absence of record evidence, and to include the time employed in travelling to and from the place of muster within the period of service.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, the Speaker submitted a communication from the Treasury Department, in reply to a resolution asking what amount of money has been paid as costs in criminal cases and in warrants to prevent breaches of the peace. The information for the year 1855 is given as follows: Marshal, $3,380 55; attorney, $5,325; clerk, one term not returned, $4,275 27; jurors, $4,567 50; witnesses, $3,946 40; jail guards and all other costs, $14,176 12; contingencies, $1,450 60; support of prisoners, $4,182 34; magistrates' cost bills, $10,000; constables, $10,486 20; making a total of $61,880 66. The document was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

The House disposed of the various Senate amendments to the Deficiency Appropriation bill.

Messrs. Washburn, of Illinois, and Wade, of Ohio, from the Committee on Commerce, reported about fifty bills for river and harbor improvements.

IN THE SENATE, on the twenty-third instant, Mr. MALLORY communicated an invitation from the Secretary of the Navy, for the members of the Senate to visit the steam frigate Merrimac, at Annapolis.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the Three Million Armament Appropriation bill.

Mr. BELL, of Tennessee, expressed a doubt as to whether this large sum could be properly expended within the present year.

Mr. WELLER showed that the money ought to be appropriated now, to enable it to be used most advantageously.

Mr. HALE opposed the bill for several reasons. He thought that the guns which were to be refitted with percussion locks and Maynard's primers would not be at all comparable, when so refitted, with the breech-loading rifles. He took occasion to censure the Administration for its extravagance.

Mr. CASS said that the Administration was not to be held responsible for the large appropriations. Congress had made them, sometimes in opposition to the recommendation of the Executive.

The consideration of the Three Million bill was postponed, when

Mr. HOUSTON made a speech condemnatory of the action of the Naval Board, and particularly in reply to Messrs. Clayton and Bayard.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Mr. Thurston moved a reconsideration of the vote, by which, yesterday, was adopted the Senate's amendment to the Deficiency bill, providing that a former act of Congress shall not be so construed as to allow the Printer to Congress an extra compensation of twenty per cent. After debate, the motion was laid on the table—yeas 79, nays 62.

The House, in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, took up the Indian Appropriation bill, when

Mr. STANTON, of Ohio, made a speech against the further extension of slavery, and in support of the principles of the Republican party. The committee rose, and the House adjourned.

Supreme Court of the United States.

TUESDAY, April 22, 1856.

No. 92. The United States appellants, *vs.* Cruz Cervantes. The argument of this cause was continued by Mr. Wm. Carey Jones for the appellee and concluded by Mr. Attorney General Cushing for the appellants.

Adjourned until to-morrow at 11 o'clock.

WEDNESDAY, April 24, 1856.

No. 93. Solomon S. Masters and Son, plaintiffs in error, *vs.* Frederick L. Barreda and Brother. The argument of this cause was commenced by the Hon. R. Johnson for the plaintiffs in error and continued by Messrs. Carlisle and Bradley for the defendants in error.

Adjourned until to-morrow at 11 o'clock.

John Tyler Lecturing on the Dead of His Cabinet.

The *South Side (Va.) Democrat* states that Ex-President Tyler is about to deliver a lecture upon "the dead of his Cabinet." The Democrat says:

"In that Cabinet were the accomplished Legare, the elegant and erudite Upshur, the brilliant Gilmer, and those twin giants of their age, Webster and Calhoun. Scarce ten years have passed since the illustrious gallery of statesmen, jurists and scholars filled the offices of the Cabinet, but one by one the nation has put on mourning for them, and he who gathered them around him to bear with him the great responsibilities of his time, and share the heavy duties of his post, lives still to speak their eulogism. Need we add that it will be a tribute worthy even of these mighty dead."

☞ Gough, the great temperance orator, in a recent speech, made these remarks:

"It was told me in England that it was necessary for a lady who wished to travel through Europe, to always be accompanied by a gentleman, to prevent her from all rudeness, and even actual insult. I told them that here, in the United States, a lady could travel from Maine to Louisiana, and be treated with the greatest politeness. [Applause.] Now, ladies, I have frequently noticed that when—especially in public assemblies—some of you have been offered seats, which, as a matter of courtesy, you *should* occupy, instead of politely saying, 'I thank you, sir, for your kindness,' you have dropped into the vacant seat, with apparently an *offended* air, as much as to say, '*You impudent puppy*, you!' [Applause.] Now, ladies, the next time a gentleman offers you a seat, if you will only put on one of your prettiest smiles, and say, 'I thank you, sir!' depend upon it a man can stand all night, and never know he *has any legs!*"

Health Report.

OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER OF HEALTH,
APRIL 21, 1856.

Monthly Report of Interments in this City for March, 1856.

Accident 1; appoplexy 1; childbed 1; cancer of stomach 1; do. of bladder 1; cerebral disease 1; croup 4; consumption 16; constipation 1; convulsions 2; congestion of lungs 2; do. of brain 3; epilepsy 1; fever, typhoid 1; gastric 1; heart disease 1; inflammation of brain 1; marasmus 3; meningitis 1; old age 1; pertussis 1; pneumonia 12; pleurisy 1; peritonitis 1; still-born 2; scarlitina 2; suicide 1; suppressed eruption 1; sore-throat and suffocation 1; spinal disease 1; unknown 1; not reported 6; making in all 75.

Of this number there were of the age of—

Five years and under	18
From 5 to 10 years	2
10 to 20 years	13
20 to 40 years	17
40 to 60 years	12
60 to 80 years	3
Over 80 years	2
Age not reported	8
Whole number of deaths from all causes	75

A. McD. DAVIS,
Commissioner of Health.